OUR PACIFIC CABLE COLONY.

LIFE OF THE OPERATORS AT LONELY MIDWAY ISLAND.

A Community of Forty Persons Living in Comfort Where There Was Only Sand Eight Months Ago—Capt. Hugh Rodman, U. S. N. the Autocrat of the Place—Existence There Is Not So Bad.

HONOLULU, Jan. 15.—Midway Island, which eight months ago was a barren desert spot in the mid-Pacific, is now a thriving community with a full set of State officials—a Governor, police, and even a collector of customs. Of course these officers are combined in one man.

Capt. Hugh Rodman, commander of the tug Iroquois, U. S. N., is the Governor of the island, an office he has held for some months. Yesterday he received notification of his appointment as collector of customs for the port of Midway.

He draws no salary from the Navy Department or the State Department as Governor of Midway, but the Treasury Department is more liberal in its dealing with employees. Capt. Rodman's salary as collector of the port of Midway has been fixed at $1 a month, and he is anxiously awaiting the vouchers which he will soon have to sign for his first month's salary.

But still Secretary Shaw requires more work for his money than some of the other department heads in Washington. Capt. Rodman has been designated as collector of all other ports outside of Midway and in the Hawaiian Island group. This will give him jurisdiction over the island of Kahoolawe, Neckar Island, Laysan Island and a score of other smaller islands which have not even the dignity of name.

The cable operators on Midway, or rather Sand Island, are not having such a hard time of it or leading such a lonely life as they expected when they were first assigned to the task. They are better informed of the world's events every day than the people of the Hawaiian Islands were for the seventy-five years following the first landing of the missionaries.

Of course, Honolulu is better provided for now than Midway Island is, but the cable station receives a call from some steamer on an average of once a week, which is far better than the fortune of the early white settlers in Honolulu half a century ago. Then they were glad to welcome a sailing ship once a month, and often the visits were still further apart.

All the army transports stop at Midway with mail and often carry supplies to the little colony there. There are two transports a month from and to Manila, and both touch at Sand Island for mail.

In addition, the steamers of the Pacific Mail, Occidental and Oriental and the Toyen Kisen Kaisha lines frequently make calls there, or send a boat off for mail and to carry supplies. The latest papers and magazines reach the cable colony within a couple of days of the time they get to Honolulu, and the daily news despatches that come to Honolulu and to Manila generally pass through the Midway station.

The cable, which is not in constant use for business, is also given over to the cable operators and the other employees at the station for personal as well as official uses.

Altogether there are about forty inhabitants of Sand Island, of whom there are only half a dozen white men. Mrs. Odley, wife of the superintendent of the station, is the only white woman.

There are, in addition to the cable operators, about a score of employees.

Sand Island was all that its name implied when the cable operators first went there, a little over six months ago. From one end of the little island to the other nothing was presented to the view but a glaring waste of white sand.

The sand was of such dazzling whiteness in the sunlight that it was necessary to use smoked glasses, and the men who failed to provide themselves with these came near losing their eyesight in consequence.

Now, however, Sand Island presents a pretty picture of a "back East" country village, minus the trees and grass. There are half a dozen buildings grouped about the cable station, including several dwellings and storehouses. A start has even been made toward foresting the island.

Tons of rich soil were taken to the island as ballast on supply steamers, and this soil has been carefully mixed with the sand. Seeds and small trees have been planted near the station, and quite a vegetation has sprung up.

An attempt also is being made to grow vegetables, and so far much success has attended the effort. The water problem is quite serious, although so far there has been no trouble from that source. The present supply is not sufficient to cultivate a very large tract of land, even though enough soil could be brought there for the purpose.

The operators have a cat which was taken along especially to get rid of the rats with which the island was supposed to be infested. Other domestic pets also were introduced.

In one of the buildings a hall was provided where little entertainments could be held. On Christmas eve the operators gave quite an entertainment, with songs, recitations and gramophone numbers.

All of the operators are more or less musical; the same is true of the doctor in attendance. The gramophone records were rescued from destruction by one of the operators at the risk of his life and with the loss of all his personal belongings when he arrived on the wrecked Julie E. Whalen.

Following the musical and literary programme, the operators enjoyed a Christmas feast, at which toasts were given to President Roosevelt, Santa Claus and Clarence Mackay.

Capt. Rodman has made a number of rules as Governor for the government of the Midway Island group. These provide for police service, and also prohibit the killing of birds or game on the island.

Millions of birds go to the island every year. Japanese have been in the habit of coming to the island and killing these birds, and an order has been issued prohibiting this practice.

Supt. C. W. Colley has been appointed by the Governor Mayor, chief of police, undertaker and everything else for the island, and he is in communication with the Governor by cable daily as to the best method of carrying out the orders. Recently it became necessary to send a set of handcuffs to the chief of police on Sand Island, one of the Chinese having become somewhat unruly and in need of the good offices of the police force. Recently an inquiry was received as to the right of the people of Midway to vote. Under the county act Midway, with all other islands of the Hawaiian group not specifically mentioned in other ways, is made a part of the county of Oahu.

There are only a few American citizens on the island, and these declare that they are being deprived of their right of franchise without due process of law. Even if they were allowed to vote, it would be difficult for them to do so, as the nearest polling place is 2,000 miles away.

A request has been made recently by the cable company for a lighthouse on Midway, and for improvements in the harbor, which just at present is difficult to locate. With these two matters attended to the inhabitants of Midway would begin to think they had all the latest appliances of modern civilization.

In the meantime all the operators who went to the lonely isle with many misgivings are beginning to feel that life there has its rosy side and advantages as well as disadvantages.

THE REAL COWBOY LIFE.

It Still Exists on the Great Free Ranges of the Southwest.

From the Fort Worth Record.

Supt. Mangum of the XX-- ranch, in New Mexico, passed through the city yesterday en route to San Angelo for a few days' vacation. In conversation regarding the cattle business in New Mexico, he said:

"When one gets out there he sees the old-fashioned cowboy with his blankets and tarpaulin for his bed and his cover, with a long ride around the lines for his duty, and with an open, out-of-door life the year round. It is not like the ranches of Texas, with their ranch houses and their strong wire fences and little or nothing to do the year round except to have a good time and ride a good horse. It is the real thing when you cross the line and get on the free range. We are grazing about 8,000 head, on a range of territory of 400 miles square.

"The lines must be ridden at all times and in all kinds of weather—the rougher the weather the more need for the riding. When the storms strike the cattle they begin walking, and all the cowboys cannot stop them while the storm lasts. In this season of the year they drift south. We have two drift fences, put up by the cattle men on the south of the range, one eighty-six miles long and the other seventy-nine miles long; these help to keep the cattle in range.

"The range for the winter will be very good, but we may suffer from the want of water. If we can get water for the cattle we will get through the winter with very little loss—at least, that is my opinion. We never feed in this range, winter or summer. The horses we ride feed on the grass. When we get up the bunch in the spring and pick out our mounts we have to 'set the hair' on most of them. The horse that doesn't need the hair set is not worth the riding. I would not live in a town for anything you could give me. Out there we never see a house from one day's end to the other. The headquarters of the ranch is on the breaks from the Pecos Valley to the plains, and the cattle feed on the plains that reach from the breaks to the mountains. It's hard work, but it's free range, on Government lands, and the cattle do well, considering. I do not know but that it is the cheapest in the long run."

LIFE OF THE CANAL BUILDERS.

THINGS APT TO SURPRISE NEW ARRIVALS AT PANAMA.

People Very Hospitable There—Also Quick to Ask the Unmarried Caller What His Intentions Are—Crucifying Sharks—Health Hints for Americans.

The Americans who go to Panama attracted by the building of the canal will find many things to surprise them.

They will probably meet with a very hearty welcome in Panama society, but the etiquette of that society will bother them at first. It has been said that social customs in Colombia are largely the reverse of all that obtain with the Anglo-Saxon races.

The green American might settle down in his home and wait for people to call on him. He might wait until doomsday, so far as the Panamanos were concerned.

His proper course is to send around his cards to the families he wishes to have call upon him. Within a few days they will all call. The obligation is absolutely binding on them, but they need not pay a second call unless they wish to cultivate the man's acquaintance.

There is hardly any informal calling. You must notify people during the day that you are going to call on them in the evening, which is the proper time.

The hostess and her daughters will sit in rocking chairs and rock themselves to and fro violently throughout the call. Do not imagine that this is discourtesy on their part; it is just a habit. They always sit in rocking chairs except at meals, and they can no more help rocking than quicksilver can help moving.

When you get to know them you will find their hospitality delightful and absolutely unbounded. The host places himself and his house entirely at your disposition, and he means it. If you choose to stay a month, he would be charmed, especially if he happened to live on a lonely hacienda in the country.

But a young, unattached American must be wary. If he calls more than twice at a house where there are daughters people will begin to talk; if he calls often, some responsible member of the family would be fully justified by local etiquette in asking him his intentions.

It would be simply outrageous for him to take a girl of good family out for a walk in the evening. If he wants to see her at all, he must pay the formal call described.

The fair maid will rock shyly in a corner of the room, and between her and the young man, like a battalion of dragons, her mother, maiden aunts and elder sisters will range themselves.

After greetings have been exchanged and everybody has settled down comfortably to rock there will ensue an awkward silence. Then the young American, driven to desperation, will venture the brilliant remark that it is hot weather.

"Yes," the hostess admits. "It is hot." Another silence. "For the time of year," she adds, with the air of one who has made a great discovery.

Presently, one of the maiden aunts hopes that the señor had a good voyage from America. Receiving an affirmative reply she recounts, with an astonishing amount of detail, her experiences of sea sickness on her solitary ocean voyage from Carthagena to Colon.

A mulatto servant brings in cups of chocolate and dishes of candies and preserved fruits. This leads to a long discussion of the kind of candies eaten in the United States.

When that discussion dies out at last for lack of fuel, the American finds it is time to go, and he has not a chance to exchange a single word with the girl he really came to see.

A visit becomes more lively and entertaining when one grows intimate with the family, but as a general rule the dragons do not relax their severe vigilance.

There is no lack of amusements, for the Panamanos are fond of dancing, concerts, operas and theatrical performances. Cock fights, bull fights and lotteries are also considered by them essential to a happy life.

The devotees of rod and gun can obtain plenty of exciting sport on the Isthmus. The shark fishing in the Bay of Panama is as good as anywhere else in the world, and enormous tarpons may be shot on both sides of the Isthmus.

The bay is so full of hammerhead and ground sharks that none of the natives will ever take a swim in it. Some foreigners used to do so until one of the canal engineers, a young Colombian named Jules Patterson, was killed some years ago. When his body was recovered it had been almost entirely stripped of flesh.

That incident led to a war of reprisal on the sharks, which is still kept up by the Panamanos. Many of them are content with simply catching and killing them, but the favorite method is called crucifying.

The shark is hooked and drawn on deck, care being taken that he shall not bite. He is laid down on boards, and his fins are securely nailed thereto in such a way that he cannot use them.

The tail is then cut off and the unfortunate animal is thrown overboard. He cannot swim and he cannot steer himself. He is helpless, and the other members of his own family promptly attack and devour him.

On the Isthmus, as in all tropical countries, plenty of vigorous outdoor exercise is essential to the preservation of health. Riding, tennis, hunting, rowing and swimming should be the daily sports of Americans who go down there.

In that relaxing climate there is a constant temptation to live the *dolce far niente* life like the natives, but the man who does so feels the heat of the climate far more than his neighbor who goes in for vigorous exercise.

It is best not to work too hard nor for too many hours a day. The siesta should not be missed. The man who tries to do too much on the Isthmus will soon end by being unable to do anything.

Whiskey is bad, brandy worse and beer worst of all in the tropics. If a man must drink, the least harmful thing to take is Jamaica rum, diluted with water and the juice of the lime.

But a man's health in the tropics depends largely upon his being strictly temperate in his mode of living. A Canadian doctor who lived five years in Panama gave the following advice:

"Get up early—say, at 6 or 7. Begin the day with a bath, and then have coffee, oranges and rolls. Have breakfast at 11 or 12 and let it be a good, hearty meal, which people in temperate climates would regard as a midday dinner.

"In common with many old residents of the tropics, I used to begin mine by taking some ripe fruit and following it with a beefsteak, yams, potatoes and coffee. I always made my meals simple, and found that it paid to do so.

"Have dinner at 6 and follow it up with a quiet evening. Smoke a cigar on the veranda or play a game of chess with a friend. Go to bed at 9 or 10 o'clock."

ASTOR'S GIFT TO ENGLISHMEN.

$50,000 From William Waldorf to Develop Marksmanship.

William Waldorf Astor has presented to the National Rifle Association of England $50,000, the money to be expended on the development of marksmanship among the members of the organization. The visit of the American team to Bisley last year, when the Americans won the Palma trophy, woke up the Englishmen to a great extent. The next contest for the Palma trophy will take place at Sea Girt on Sept. 3, when an English team will try for it. Speaking of Astor's gift the *Field* says:

The sum given should not be looked at as an investment with a view to expending the interest alone on the purposes for which the fund was established, but that its distribution, capital and interest included, should be effected over a limited number of years, such as might be regarded as covering the initiation of club rifle shooting. Since the fund was established evidence of its distribution on the lines laid down has been wanting. In fact, the donations last recorded amounted to no more than the approximate interest of the total fund. It has recently been announced that the trustees of the fund have decided to provide a silver challenge cup for each county having two or more affiliated clubs, competitions for the same to take place between the clubs of such counties. The competing teams must consist of not less than four members, of which at least half shall be civilians. Service rifles must be used, though in the case of miniature ranges adaptors or Morris tubes may be employed in connection therewith. Subject to the above general conditions, arrangements will be settled locally by agreement between the several clubs, the association reserving the right of giving final judgment in cases of dispute.

The general outline of the scheme so put forward may be pronounced thoroughly satisfactory. It is well known that nothing creates a stronger feeling of emulation among rifle clubs than matches between members of neighboring organizations, and as the holders of the various cups will probably be open to challenge within a short period of their latest success, the number of competitions that will take place in the course of a year is likely to be considerable. It is difficult to see how clubs can meet on an equal footing in view of their division into two classes, viz., those who fire over miniature ranges, and those who use the full-size service ammunition. In many counties these classes of clubs may be equally represented, so that one or the other must give way in order to preserve uniform conditions in shooting for the same trophy.

On the whole, and in view of the ample funds available, we should have thought that the association would have done better to give two cups to each county, one for the full-sized rifles, and the other for those firing miniature ammunition, subject, of course, to the understanding that no challenge cup should be given except in cases where there is a good prospect of active competition for the privilege of holding it.

An Invention for Target Practice.

From the Nashville Banner.

ANNISTON, Ala., Jan. 15.—Charles C. Echard, formerly of this city, but now of Kansas City, Mo., has invented a register for showing instantly the points made in rifle target practice. He has applied for a patent in this and all other countries. The Patent Office has issued him a caveat and has notified him that no invention designed to register target shooting has ever been applied for. The scientific application clearly demonstrates that this device will work on all kinds of target practice, even to a 1 pound cannon, all small marine guns, light infantry and fort and Government grounds, all shooting parks and galleries.

By his invention, when a bullet strikes the target one mile or any distance away, an electric device telegraphs back to the marksman's place by wire and operates a register, which shows him exactly the spot the bullet hit upon the target. In target practice at sea the buoy is connected by wires strung on floats to the ship.

A TROPICAL BIT OF HOLLAND.

DUTCH WAYS FOLLOWED IN THE COLONY OF CURACOA.

A Famous Factory of South American Revolutions—Little Water and Less Rain—The Island and Its People a Faithful Miniature of the Mother Land.

Curaçoa is known to most Americans only as the name of an after dinner cordial, but to the travelled man it has a different meaning. It brings to mind a charming little bit of Holland cut out from the mother country and dumped down in the blue waters of the Caribbean, off the coast of Venezuela.

Nowhere else in the world is there a colony so much like a miniature of its mother country. When Englishmen, Americans and other white men go to the tropics they adapt their mode of living to the climate.

Not so the Dutchman who goes to live in his West Indian colony of Curaçoa. When he lands at Willemstad he is delighted to find himself in a small replica of old Amsterdam.

Blue tiles, yellow dormer windows, old fashioned gables, tiny flatroofed shops and massive, gloomy warehouses are to be seen on every hand, just as they would be in a Dutch city. The people in the streets wear blue smocks, wooden shoes and other characteristic garments of old Holland.

They drink gin, though it is very bad for them in a tropical climate, and they smoke long Dutch pipes, while everybody else in the West Indies smokes cigars. They are slow and conservative in their business affairs, conducting large commercial transactions according to the methods of the burghers of Leyden in the days of William the Silent.

They have no use for such new-fangled things as the typewriter, the stenographer and the telephone. But they are scrupulously honest and upright, and so shrewd that the most up-to-date drummer fails to get to the weather side of them.

One of the industries of this tight little island is the hatching of revolutions. It is a convenient jumping off place for the exiled sons of Colombia and Venezuela who yearn to liberate their respective countries.

Nearly every Venezuelan revolution during the past century has been hatched either in Curaçoa or in the neighboring British island of Trinidad. Those islands were the favorite resorts of Bolivar, Miranda and other South American patriots before Colombia and Venezuela "broke the bar of Spain."

To-day Willemstad is full of exiles who are out of favor with the ruling powers of Bogota, and with the supporters of Andrade and Matos, who failed in their recent effort to overthrow President Castro of Venezuela.

"When a Venezuelan statesman is out of a job," said W. L. Scruggs, lately United States Minister to Colombia and Venezuela, "he goes to Willemstad to mature his plans before deciding whether his country needs his personal services, so that the hotels and boarding houses of that place are usually more or less crowded with Generals out of commission and doctors without patients, all anxious to serve their country."

The shrewd Dutch merchants will often do a good stroke of business with these revolutionists, selling them arms, ammunition, schooners and boats, and sometimes even going the length of arranging a little filibustering expedition on their behalf. But the Dutchmen always insist on payment in advance.

Some of them have made considerable fortunes in this unorthodox line of business. The Dutch officials wink at it; they are more concerned about bringing money into the colony than in strictly enforcing the neutrality laws.

When Guzman Blanco ruled Venezuela he set the fashion of establishing spies in Willemstad to watch the revolutionists and detect their plans. He had lived there himself as a refugee and hatched his plots, so he knew the ropes.

Ever since then every Venezuelan dictator has followed the example. When Guzman Blanco fell from power he went back to Willemstad to live, and he soon found that he was dogged by spies wherever he went.

One day he turned around and seized a sneaking, hangdog fellow:

"Why, you rascal," he exclaimed. "I know your face. Where have I seen you before? Why do you follow me about everywhere?"

"Your Excellency saw me at the Yellow House in Curaçoa three years ago," the man replied. "You sent me here to watch Dr. Rojas Paul. When he became President in your place, Dr. Rojas Paul told me to stay here and watch you."

President Castro at present maintains several spies in Willemstad to watch the movement of the Matos and Andrade parties. Andrade was President of Venezuela, and wants to get back; Matos is the man who desires to be President, but still more keenly wishes for vengeance on Castro for having had him dragged from bed one night and paraded through the streets of Caracas dressed only in a blanket.

Curaçoa is known throughout the West Indies as the place where it never rains. In this respect it differs greatly from the other islands, in which torrential showers, that turn a dry gully into a mighty river within five minutes, are of frequent occurrence.

An American Consul who went there was told of this characteristic, but on the day he arrived at Willemstad the rain came down in torrents. The tile roof of the dilapidated one story hotel in which he put up did not seem to be much in the way of the downpour, and in a short time every room of the house was flooded.

"Why don't you repair the roof?" he asked the landlord, indignantly.

"It rains too hard," replied the phlegmatic Dutchman.

"Of course, I don't expect you to do it now! But I suppose you'll go to work on it when the rain stops."

"Oh, no; I don't think it is worth bothering about," said the landlord, puffing philosophically at his damp pipe. "I have been here for twelve years, and it has never rained before. Likely enough it won't rain again in my lifetime."

Rain would be greatly valued in Curaçoa if only it would come, for there is no place on earth where fresh water is scarcer. There is not a single running stream anywhere in the island, nor even a stagnant brook.

There are wells, it is true, and plenty of water may be found by digging, but it is all so salt that it is no more fit to drink than the sea water that surrounds the island.

"How, then, do you manage to live?" an English merchant resident in Willemstad was asked.

"Well," he replied, "we are somewhat in the position of those French peasants who complained to Marie Antoinette that they were starving because they could get no bread to eat. You remember, the Queen told them to go and eat cake.

"We can't get water to drink, but we can get any amount of whiskey and seltzer by importation, and the Dutchmen receive all the gin they want from Holland."

It is not really so bad as that, however. Most houses have a cistern or water tank which is filled periodically with water imported at considerable expense from the Venezuelan coast. It goes without saying that the precious fluid is used most economically.

Ice, which seems a necessary luxury in the tropics, is even rarer than water. It has to be brought all the way from Boston or New York, and the retail price is high. Often there is no ice to be had for love or money.

The starting of an ice-making plant has been often mooted, but the scarcity of water has rendered it impossible.

It might be supposed that this extraordinary lack of water would seriously affect the health of the people, but it does not. On the contrary, they assert that it makes them much healthier.

"The atmosphere is so dry and the climate is so arid," said a Dutch official to the writer, "that we never suffer from neuralgia, rheumatism, ague, consumption and other diseases common in the damp countries of the North.

"As a matter of fact, Curaçoa is one vast sanitarium—the healthiest place on earth. Doctors say that our climate is the best on earth for cases of nervous dyspepsia.

"People have come down here from America complete physical wrecks and become as well as ever they were in the course of a few weeks."

The curaços of commerce is really made in Curaçoa. The principal element in its manufacture is a tiny sour orange indigenous to the island and said to grow nowhere else.

There are two or three manufactories of this cordial in the island, but the bulk of the curaçoa sold in the world's markets is made in Amsterdam from oranges imported from Curaçoa. Experts say that the locally manufactured article is far superior, which is likely enough, as the oranges would naturally be fresher.

Some of the Dutch women struggle heroically to make gardens and grow tulips, as they used to do in Holland, but they never seem to have any luck. Even flower-pot cultivation is usually a failure. What can be expected when the soil, as well as the water, has to be imported from Venezuela?

In the Cold Winter of 1861

From the Lewiston Journal.

The winter of 1861 was noted for being one of the coldest, and, in fact, it was the coldest, one in the century. The coldest day of the winter was Friday, Feb. 25, and is known as cold Friday. There had been a heavy snowstorm of light, fine snow. It cleared off cold and the wind blew a perfect gale, thus making the cold more fearful. The air was filled with snow so thick one could see only a rod or two in any direction. Men who were obliged to be on the road perished and were found frozen as hard as marble statues. A very few travellers survived the ordeal. But few had thermometers in those days to tell how cold it really was, but what few there were registered 40 to 50 below zero in Androscoggin, and in Aroostook county it was even lower. Penobscot Bay was frozen over so solid that Sam Randall of Vinalhaven took a horse and sleigh and, together with the Hon. Martin Kiff, who was the representative to the Legislature for Vinalhaven, cruised from Vinalhaven to North Haven, then to Saddle Island, then to Camden and thence across country to Augusta, where he left Kiff and returned to Vinalhaven again safely. Portland Harbor and Boston Harbor were frozen over solid. Thousands of the Boston people availed themselves of the fact and the ice on the harbor was covered with skaters. People who remember the cold Friday smile when they hear people telling how cold it is when we have a little zero weather.

A GREAT ALPINE DEATH LIST.

196 PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES LAST YEAR.

Accidents to Mountain Climbers Multiplying Rapidly of Late Years—Many of Them Due to the Risk Taken by Inexperienced Tourists—Guides Killed, Too.

The number of fatalities among Alpine mountain climbers has been steadily increasing for years, and in 1903 it reached a startling total.

According to the statistics just published by the Swiss Alpine Club, the number of victims in the Swiss, Tyrolean and Italian Alps last year reached a total of 196 persons killed in 148 accidents. The number of climbers who met their death through falls, lightning, freezing and other causes was 136, and sixty persons who were injured subsequently died.

The largest number of accidents occurred in the height of the climbing season, the fatalities in July numbering thirty-seven; in August, forty-four, and in September, thirty.

The rapidity with which accidents have been multiplying is shown by the figures of the Swiss Alps alone, where in 1895 nineteen persons lost their lives; in 1896, twenty-four; in 1897, thirty-four; in 1898, thirty-seven; in 1899, forty-seven, and in 1900, forty-eight. It is interesting to analyze some of the accidents and to note how far want of skill is responsible for the deaths.

The Matterhorn alone has claimed thirteen victims in nine accidents. The first and greatest of all was due to the inexperience of Mr. Hadow, one of the climbers.

The second fatality was the result of the abandonment of a sick guide in a hut by his comrades, 13,000 feet above the sea, the poor man perishing before succor reached him. In the third accident, the climber had few nails in his boots and his death was due to pure carelessness.

In the next case one of the party was left dying on the slope of the mountain. In the fifth case, two young guides and a tourist lost their lives for some reason never discovered. Later two young Swiss who had been observed to be going carelessly fell down a precipice.

Another case was that of a small party to which no want of care was imputed. In the ninth accident the guides were too few for a large party and the climbers were novices.

Not a few catastrophes were purely accidental. Three years ago Mrs. Wickham Smith of Brooklyn, while climbing in the Alps, was hit on the back of the neck by a huge icicle and survived less than half an hour. Scarcely a week earlier a Frenchman, Mr. Prochet, was struck by a bowlder that came crushing toward him and was thrown down a glacier. The doctors said he never knew what happened to him.

In 1891, while a party of eleven persons roped together were descending from Mont Blanc they were struck by an avalanche, and the last two members of the party were knocked into a crevasse and killed.

Sometimes an accident to a guide results in the death of those he is trying to safeguard. In 1899 two Englishmen named Jones and Hill, accompanied by three guides, attempted to climb the famous Dent Blanche, which is 14,380 feet high and can be ascended only when the ice is in good condition.

They were within 160 feet of the summit when a leading guide stumbled and fell into an abyss, dragging with him the two other guides and Jones. All four were instantly killed. Hill, who knew practically nothing about mountaineering, was forty-eight hours in descending the mountain and making his way back to Zermatt.

Trained mountaineers regard the intrusion of crowds of inexperienced tourists on their favorite haunts as a misfortune partaking of an outrage. Sir William Conway, whose climbing feats in the Alps, the Himalayas and the Andes have made him famous, says, for example, that it is unfortunate that such places as Zermatt and other points from which the most difficult ascents are attempted should be easily accessible to the general travelling public. He thinks that all efforts should be made to keep thoughtless tourists from risking their lives on mountain slopes which none but tried mountaineers should attempt to climb.

The large increase in the number of accidents is apparently not due to carelessness on the part of guides or lack of proper supervision by the authorities, but to the constantly growing number of the inexperienced who are ambitious to climb a notable mountain.

It is said that the Swiss authorities intend in future to redouble their precautions to prevent inexperienced tourists from exposing themselves to danger out of mere idle curiosity. Scientific expeditions will of course, not be hampered, but one of the chief precautions now proposed is to make a considerable increase in the number of guides required to accompany tourists.

YOUR NAME AND CHARACTER COLOR

ANOTHER SYSTEM OF DIVINATION

It seems that in the domain of the occult there is more in one's name even than was set forth in the theory of its relations to numbers and fate that was printed in THE SUN last Sunday. Thus, it figures in having one's chromoscope drawn.

A chromoscope, say the students of the occult, reveals one's character, the past and the present and the mysteries of the future as clearly as a horoscope. The laws which decide the shape and number of its lines, the width and tints of its color bands, are held to be as exact as those which govern the heavens.

Chromosophy, according to the rules of which chromoscopes are drawn, is really not a new discovery; merely the blending of three ancient systems of divination. It is based upon the date of one's birth—the exact moment is desired if it is possible to have it—and one's name. From the name can be learned one's character color, keynote and number.

A New York woman who is much interested in chromosophy has, she says, made a new and most important discovery in connection therewith—namely, that every one's initials may be found written in the fine lines in the palms of one's hands. Not only one's own initials, moreover, but also those of the person one is to marry, and of other people who are seriously to influence one's life are so inscribed. Whether this influence is to be for good or evil, and what part the owners of such initials are to play in one's life, are indicated by the position of the letters.

"Show you your initials before I even know your name?" she said smiling, when a visitor asked her the question a few days ago. "Surely."

And then as she bent over the hand extended for her scrutiny, she continued to answer other questions which the visitor had asked before.

"No, this is not chromosophy," she said. "This is a discovery of my own. But it has a great significance to any one interested in drawing and reading chromoscopes."

"You see, in chromosophy so much depends upon the name. It gives us a complete portrayal of a subject's character, in the first place, and foretells much about the career.

"Some people scoff at the idea. 'Suppose a child gets a name that stands for everything noble and prosperous,' they say. 'Will that change its natural and inherited qualities? Do you mean to say that its life will be moulded to conform to its name?'

"Of course we don't mean to say anything of the sort. What we teach is that a child cannot be named anything that its parents wish.

"Every spirit coming into this world has a certain name which will typify and express its nature and career in this incarnation, and by which it is to be known here. The spirit of the child magnetizes or attracts that name to itself irresistibly; often under seemingly strange circumstances. The story of the son of Zachary being namd John is constantly being repeated, though the angel does not appear and the divine command is not heard.

"Not long ago a mother complained to me that she could not understand her son, a boy about 16 years old.

"'He isn't a bit like his father, or me, either. He's so queer,' she complained.

"On questioning her I found that the boy had been christened George Grover, while the father's name was as dissimilar to this as James Smith would be.

"'For whom was he named?' I inquired.

"'For none of the family,' she said. 'You see, my people thought he should be named for me, and my husband's family thought it would be dreadful if his father's name was not given him. He was our first child, and positively the families almost came to blows about it. So, rather than create a feud, his father and I decided to give him a name not in the family at all. We selected George as a first name and added Grover because Cleveland was President at the time.'

"I made a simple mathematical calculation of the name George Grover, and told the mother all about the character and tastes of her son. She was amazed, and said I was perfectly correct.

"Then I explained to her that she had given the boy names outside the family, because he was to be so unlike any of the family. Their names would have been impossible for him.

"A little while ago, too, a friend of mine had a baby boy whom all the family wished to bear his father's name. At the christening, however, the woman who stood as godmother suddenly remembered an uncle of the mother's, who was old and all alone in the world.

"Thinking what a happiness it would be to the old man to have this child named after him she gave his name to the clergyman at the last moment. Now the family are blaming her foolish impulsiveness; but I tell them the boy received his proper name. The godmother was but the instrument of fate.

"So you see how important, in proving that a child's name is preordained for it, is the discovery that it is born with the initials of that name in its hand, as well as those of the person it will marry, and of other people who will influence its life, though many of them may be still unborn.

"Yes, I think I have found your initials. F—that is the first, isn't it? And J, and A, and D. That is a long name. It shows at once that you are a person with many sides to your nature, one interested in many things. A single short name will give a person more power to concentrate his interest and energy on one subject, and succeed in that.

"Yes, a name taken in confirmation is quite as important as the rest. Generally, confirmation names express some characteristic which develops later in the child, one growing out of family circumstances or social conditions, probably, and which the baptismal name failed to typify.

"All names which the child takes, or attracts to itself, tell of its individual character. Surnames tell of inherited qualities.

"One who wishes to test the truth of chromosophy cannot do better than calculate the values of the family names of his friends and see how perfectly they express all those characteristics known as family traits. I particularly want to impress upon you that there is nothing psychic or mysterious about chromosophy. It is a simple mathematical calculation. Any one should be able to read lives by it."

Asked if she could read the whole name from the hand, she laughed.

"Not generally," she said, "but I think I can make a pretty good guess at your first name. It begins with F, and I am quite sure it is not Frederica or Felicia, and almost certain that it is not Frances. It is Florence, isn't it? I thought so.

"Now, there was no clairvoyance or mind-reading connected with that discovery. Simply I knew from your appearance that the first vowal of your name was O, and Florence was the only name that would answer.

"How could I tell the first vowel? That brings us right down to the subject of chromosophy."

She called attention to a colored chart which hung above the mantlepiece. About a central disk of dark blue, an inch and a half in diameter, circles of alternate light blue and white, of varying widths, were painted one beyond the other. Surrounding the whole, was a broad band of black.

"That is a beautiful chromoscope, "she said. "It is that of a lawyer and writer here in this city. It shows clearness, brilliancy and evenness of mind, and the circle of black surrounding it gives strength in the outward activities. Except for a few magazine articles, the subject is unknown to fame; but just wait for a year or two.

"You perceive that the central disk is dark blue. That, to one versed in chromosophy, is the keynote to the character of the man.

"It reveals his personality to a great extent. And this keynote to the character is different from the musical keynote, which is also found in the name and which determines what people will be in harmony with each other.

"If I were drawing your chromoscope, I would begin by painting a black central disk. All people with O as the first vowel letter of their names, are black centres.

"Such people are extremely ambitious, strong of will, determined, with ability and power for great things. They are people who can't be hurried; they must take their time to work out their own ends.

"They must be controlled with tact and kindness; they cannot be bossed or driven. Here we have our Johns and Josephs, governing and ruling or going before to prepare the way.

"Red centres, are ambitious, too. They are impulsive, ardent natures, with a keen sense of justice.

"The blue centres, such as the subject of that chromoscope, have E for their first vowel. These are analytical, critical people, truthful and eager to know all truth. At a scientific or New Thought meeting, nine out of ten people will be blue centres.

"Different and numerous as these people are, the type is easily distinguished. I can pick out blue centres far more readily than I can the other types. The other day a lady came in to see me.

"'Of course, I know this is all nonsense,' she said. 'But I have a curiosity about such things, and thought I would see what you could tell me.'

"'Well, I can tell you at once that the first vowel letter of your first name is E.' I replied.

"'No, it is not,' she said.

"'I beg your pardon, but it is,' I persisted.

"'It is I,' she said.

"'I did not say the first letter. I said the first vowel of your name,' I replied.

"'Well, I declare, you are right,' she exclaimed. 'My name is Lenore.'

"She seemed amazed that I could tell; but such a thing is easy to the student of chromosophy.

"White-centred people are the artistic type. They are full of philosophy and ideality. On the stage you will find that nine out of twelve people will be white centre, two blue, and perhaps one black.

"An interesting fact revealed by the examination of criminal records is that there also nine out of twelve names are white centres. This shows that the same nature which we know as artistic and which leads the subject into all forms of original and unconventional thought and action draws people with bad inherited tendencies or whose spiritual development has been neglected or whose social surroundings have not been fortunate, to set at defiance civil and moral laws.

"White centres are the people who are discontented—out of gear with the universe, and who fly at right angles to the existing order of things, instead of moving quietly in the orbit of the life about them. When the spiritual side of white centres is highly developed, however, it produces very beautiful characters—the rapt sanctity and spiritual attitude of the saint.

"The color centre but gives the keynote of a character, and is modified by every letter in a name, and by every name which the subject possesses, both individual and inherited. Every letter has an individual meaning.

For instance, the initial of your surname being D shows that you inherit your intellectual qualities from your father. You will follow more his bent of thought than that of your mother. D is a letter which always signifies intellect.

"G is the profit number. A George will generally make money. H in a name represents a little hedge which the owner builds about his inmost self. Such natures are reserved and self-sufficient in some degree. N is always an unfortunate number.

"Chromosophy is all a matter of vibration. The difference between two things is a difference of vibration, and everything, even a letter or a number, has a vibration of its own. It is by calculating the difference of the vibrations of the letters of a name, together with that of the birth dates, the keynote, and the numbers, that we can determine the colors and lines of a chromoscope.

"Given everything that will aid in doing so, even the exact moment of the birth, it takes about two hours to complete such a chart. Some are quite simple, with few colors, which lie in circles of varying widths about the color centre. Others are complex, of many colors, which radiate like beams. All, however, to the student of chromosophy, are readable at a glance, revealing not only the character of a subject but the secrets of his past and future."

The musical keynote which determines which people will agree with each other, and which enters also into the chromoscope, is found through the name number; and this is found by a very old mathematical calculation, in which the letters of the alphabet have the following values:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

Thus take the name John Henry. John represents the numbers 1, 6, 8, 5, which added make 20, which again added gives 2. Henry has 8, 5, 5, 9, 7, for its numerical values, which sum up 34, or 7. The 2 of John and 7 of Henry added, make 9, which is therefore the principal number of the name John Henry.

Two and 7, the number of the last name, and the numbers of the month, year, and day of birth, are also supposed to be fortunate and eventful ones for the subject. It is 9 which gives us the key note of this name. Beginning at A, the ninth note of the scale is B. B, therefore, is the musical keynote of the man named John Henry.

"Music will please one best, and prove most soothing, when written in one's own key note," said the chromosopher. "If a man is nervous or overworked, out of harmony with existence, listening to music played in his key will do much to restore him to his normal condition.

"A person gets along best with people having the same keynote, or one which harmonizes well with his. Such people have often entirely different color centres, and dispositions.

"No one should marry a person whose key is not in the same chord as his own, and a woman should take care that the number of the name she will assume when married is to be found among her fortunate ones.

"Naturally a name which is adopted later in life, for business or professional purposes, cannot change the character of an individual. It may, however, seriously affect the success of the undertaking pursued beneath it.

"If the numbers of such a name are not those of the correct name of the subject; if its keynote does not harmonize with his rightful one; or if the colors in the chromoscope of the adopted name are different from his natural colors, he cannot hope to succeed while using it."